

Daily Eagle

M. H. MURDOCK, Editor.

The Bitter Beeding of the Boss-Busters.

Putting it in the pithy parlance of the political function, the "boss-buster" is a knocker who, in falling of his own ring rule, beefs. He is the most numerous only in the sense that those who aspire are greater in number than those who have a cinch. His royal roar, which sounds so lion-like, is but a long-eared, shaver-tailed bray for fodder. As a knicker he tears up the sod with his hind legs in some what of an impressive manner, but it is all bark and no bite. His hot-tamale patriotism, when analyzed, is colder than a dose of ice with salt on it, and as irresponsible as the corpse of a thing that has been dead for a decade, something like the corpse of a hope deferred, whose life went out many elections ago. Bluff is the only recourse left the buster, and he is indeed a bluffer from Bluffsville, loaded with eye-dust, charged with gall and full of yawn.

For a few brief, not to say monotonous, hours we were on the ground, at Topeka, during the late state convention, casually noting the trend of things, and it is our deliberated opinion that if a majority of that good-natured crowd had in any perceptible degree sympathized with the bray of the busters, the breach in the Republican party of Kansas would be wider than that in Tim O'Toole's trousers, or that which now so precipitously yawns in the former fusion between the Democrats and the Populists of the Big Seventh. Anon a distraught courier would be seen rushing along the corridors of the Copeland stuffed full to the neck with the devil's-to-pay intelligence of the dire doings of the boss-busters' conference, at that moment in a heavy-browed and square-jawed conference being held farther down the street, around the next corner. Every time it proved but "a great cry and little wool." It is true that the printed announcement that the "boss-busters" had resolved to organize and run the convention had an ominous meaning. But it was only a seeming. The assurance afforded by the fact that three-fourths of the delegates were in no way identified nor had in any manner participated in the conspiracy which was boasting a reorganization, nursing a revolution which was to sweep, like a prairie fire, from the murky Missouri to the base of the mountains which in their dumb majesty wait for the end of time, was felt too strongly to be questioned.

The only mistake made by the conservative and hopeful majority of that convention, if, indeed, it shall prove a mistake, was in that it did not call the bluff of the busters and force the issue, first by nominating a man with the backbone of Colonel Anthony for temporary and permanent chairman, and then following that up with the name of Mori. Although for the head of the state central committee, both would have been overwhelmingly elected, or otherwise the convention did not want Stanley, and, therefore, the renomination of the balance of the state ticket was a mistake. While, no doubt, and in deference to the wish of President McKinley, this large majority was opposed to sending any federal official as a delegate to Philadelphia, yet by the same sign Cy. Leland would have been endorsed for a place on the state executive committee by the convention. As for the selection of delegates to the national convention, any issue was impossible, from the simple fact that a large, if not an overwhelming, majority of the state delegates were for the men that were chosen, and without any reference to the schemes of the "boss-busters," the ambitions of individuals to go to the United States senate, or the political plans of anybody else, for they had been endorsed by their respective congressional districts.

From our view-point the aforesaid busters having been afforded the widest opportunity to do their knocking and beeping should now subside, and for the general good. Aside from occasional good-natured raillery they have had months of free, full swing in which to culminate. If the result of their partition is not so much as a mouse they have run their full term and should stop their whining. There can be no after-birth in a case where the still-born fell so flat. They had practically no opposition in their play to supersede and become the whole thing. Leland himself did not even open his lips in self-defense during all the months of abuse, and the busters should now consent to hold their peace until time affords them another opportunity to get on top. If, in the meanwhile, Topeka is denied the profitable distinction of boasting the "boss," in the person of one of her own more ambitious citizens, she will nevertheless remain the political Mecca of the more fortunate Mori, and of the rest. For relief from the extra pressure of bile, chagrin and ill-will generated in their late boss-buster fire-up, these can be blown off through the old prohibition vent and other non-essential valves.

The Orator of Oklahoma in Full Flight.

Dennis Flynn's speech for "free homes" in Oklahoma and on other Indian reservations opened to settlement was eloquent. It ought, in due course, to make a United States senator of the young delegate. When he was a poor boy in Buffalo, Flynn swept out the law office of Grover Cleveland. At eighteen, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, he moved west to "grow up with the country," and his evolution kept pace and a little more with the marvelous development of Kansas first and Oklahoma afterwards. One of Flynn's oratorical flights was a glowing tribute to Galusha A. Grover, forty years ago the father of the homestead law. His passage will serve to illustrate the character of the appeal, every sentence of which was punctuated by applause and the conclusion of which was followed by the passage "with a whoop" of Mr. Flynn's bill. "I am not asking," he said, "this as the representative of any one class—social, religious or political—but in behalf of all. I ask it in behalf of the pioneers who left the east, and the south, the north and the west. I ask it in behalf of 3,000 ex-Union soldiers, who in their old and decrepit days are seeking a home where, with wife and children, they are trying again to reclaim a barren waste in order that it may be added as another bright, sparkling diamond to the great galaxy of states. I ask it in behalf of 3,000 ex-Confederate veterans,

whose beards and hair are silvered by the ruthless march of time, and who today have left their sunny southern homes, discarding the gray and the stars and bars, and ask you to allow them, in their declining years, to applaud, in their pioneer homes, the patriotism of Wheeler, Lee, Oates and Morgan, battling for that old flag which today is theirs as well as ours. I ask you not to demand more of them and their sons, who know but one country and one flag, and who have gone forward and onward to follow Roosevelt and Wheeler at San Juan Hill, than you have asked the millions who entered Castle Garden."

Would Give the Democrats a Show.

A special from Topeka to the Kansas City Journal says that Grant Harrington of Brown county, Populist press censor for the campaign of 1898, and a member of the Populist state committee, still insists that the Populists should carry out their avowed and give the Democrats the nomination for associate justice. He says that it has always been the theory of the Populists that the courts should be non-partisan bodies, and there is an opportunity to carry this theory into practice, he says, by giving the Democrats the nomination. The court is now composed of one Populist and two Republicans. The term of a Republican judge expires this year. If the Populists would concede the place to a Democrat and the fusionists should win at the election then the supreme court would stand one Populist, one Republican and one Democratic judge, an ideal court, according to Harrington's way of thinking.

Another reason is given why the Democrats should not be robbed by the Populists of that place on the ticket. By the recent decision of the supreme court knocking out the court of visitation, the Democrats lost two places assigned them on the state ticket. Under the Throop hotel agreement the Democrats were to get a judge and solicitor of the court, the Populists a judge and the Free Silver Republicans a judge. So the Democrats are the heaviest losers in the matter and, in view of this fact, they claim that there should be no attempt made to deprive them of any other places assigned them under the agreement.

The Free Silver Republicans will get only one place on the state ticket now—state insurance superintendent—and they will nominate a Populist for that place—Webb McNeill of Smith county.

Old Geronimo as a Poker Player.

"There is no truth in the story that old Geronimo is losing his mind," said an army officer from Fort Sill, O. T., who, says the Washington Post, is spending a few days at the capital. "He is as alert mentally as he ever was, but the wily old rascal would like to be considered non compos as it might make his guards relax their vigilance and give him a chance to escape. He is not confined in a cell now, but is allowed to go where he lists on the reservation, though always attended by guards. The officers allow the old chief to have a six-shooter, but take good care that it is not loaded. He has come to be regarded as the champion poker player of the fort. One Sunday recently I saw him break about a dozen of our soldiers at the seductive game of draw, and then after relieving them of all their cash he started in to play with his fellow Indians. In less than two hours he had won numerous blankets, plumes and other finery, and today he has a greater wardrobe than any red-skin on the reservation. It is marvelous to see him shuffle the cards. I don't believe there is a professional in the land that can do it with greater dexterity. It can be put down to his credit that he almost invariably gives his winnings at poker or monte to the children of the civilized Indians in order that the young ones may acquire an education. Though Geronimo himself cannot read or write, he insists that the youth of his race should be instructed after the fashion of the whites. His advice to his own people is: 'Better follow white man's trail; Apache trail no good any more.'"

The Red-Headed Roarer of the Rockies.

Ex-Congressman James Belford, of Colorado, who is familiarly known as the "Red-headed Roarer of the Rockies," while in Chicago the other day announced his return to the Republican party, which he left in 1894 to join the Democrats on the silver issue. Mr. Belford gives a good many reasons for his change of heart in his most characteristic language. In short, he considers silver a dead issue and does not believe in placing a corpse upon a political platform. The socialist tendencies of Mr. Bryan and the present leaders of the Democratic party are alarming to every person who has anything at stake, and property owners throughout the country will never trust men of such ideas to run the government. After six years of experience in the Democratic party Mr. Belford has discovered that it cannot be trusted, and he says the most of the Republicans in Colorado who left the party when he did feel the same and are coming back to their old allegiance. He predicts that the Republicans will carry Colorado at the fall election.

There is intimation in some quarters in Oklahoma that others than Flynn secured the passage of free homes. Any one by reading the dispatches can see that President McKinley, who is on the ground, knows whose bill it was, and that it was Flynn's.

Great Britain, instead of being conservative and calm, is celebrating the relief of Mafeking deliciously. England believes she deserves some credit for stopping a buzz-saw with her naked hands, and if no one else will applaud her, she will do it herself.

George Bloss, a New Yorker who died last week had his opinion about the writing of wills. In his, which has just been opened, the statement is found: "This will was written to be understood by intelligent people, not lawyers."

Nesley, the ambassador of the Havana postoffice, is bringing up a new legal question. He can not be extradited from the United States to Cuba, apparently, and the situation is gathering wool in great quantities.

Why does England get out and tear her shirt for joy over the rescue of Baden-Powell? The United States didn't chew up the atmosphere in delight when Lieutenant Glimore was found.

Madame Modjeska's real name is Modzejewski. When she first came to this country she found that it puzzled people, so she just took an axe and cut out a whole lot of it.

Madame Stachel, the soprano, has gone to the vaudeville stage. Life is short, but there is time in it for many people to climb a mighty high hill and then climb down again.

Chicago is sorely stricken with a general strike. The laboring men are pulling out of the city in droves. Chicago is paying, through reaction, for the World's Fair boom.

There is a bad spot of bubonic plague out at San Francisco, and the authorities and the country might better wake up to its seriousness at once.

If Kruger has really asked for a truce it will be necessary for Roberts' soldiers to the ropes over his shoulders to keep his feet on the ground.

It is said that resignation or no resignation, the senate has decided to get its boot on the person of Senator Clark. He has to go.

Ja. Bristow is now in Havana, demonstrating to the Cubans that there are Americans and Americans.

There have been thirty-two strikes during the construction of the Montgomery-Ward building in Chicago.

There is one thing to Great Britain's credit—she is as a rule merciful in victory.

Paul Kruger has had a dream that the war will be ended in three weeks.

It is all going England's way. Even Buller has landed on Laine's Nek.

On the Beach.

Dorothy and I were engaged. Were I to speak with the tongues of men and of angels I could not say more. I had known her but a month—but why apologize? Would you pass by a peep simply because you had not seen it for weeks upon your daily walk?

And you will never see a more beautiful girl than Dorothy. Strange, moody, sunshine today, shower tomorrow, now merry, now sober, first racing on the beach, then mooping in the shade, but sweet and good, first, last and all the time—as sweet and good as ever woman will be.

But, as one William Shakespeare, late of Avon, England, once remarked, the course of true love never did run smooth. Ours didn't. The first jolt came as I sat on the piazza of the beach-house one evening solacing myself with a cigar and the delicious breeze, and thinking—well, wondering where Dorothy could be.

Suddenly mine host's young incorrigible came tearing up the stairs to understand, through a series of exciting gestures, that Miss Lawler, to-wit, Dorothy, was in trouble upstairs. There was no room to sit or stand in the young hopeful's jokes, and I rolled out of my chair and ran upstairs, three steps at a time.

Dorothy's room was on the second floor, at the end of a wing. I sped down this dark corridor until I peached her door, which stood wide open. There I was stopped by a cry that seemed to be swept out by the most passionate grief. Perhaps I should not have been stopped, especially as the cry was not addressed to me. But stopped I was there in the shadow.

The next moment Dorothy swept across the room. A clinging white gown loosely enveloped her figure. Her long brown hair streamed down her back in a distinctly wild way; her eyes flashed, and I could plainly see the heaving of her bosom under the light stuff that covered it. In her hands she crunched a letter—and I shrank still farther back.

She looked entrancedly beautiful, and I understood that she stood so long before her full-length mirror. Then her lips began to twitch at the corners, her brows arched in distress, her nostrils quivered, and a little catching of the breath reached my ears. My love was crying! She was also pressing that letter to her lips.

"Oh, Bob, Bob, why don't you come?" "You don't want me?" I heard in accents soft but despairing. "Why after days, week after week, I have tricked my heart into song and laughter by whispering 'Bob is coming! Bob is coming!' But you do not come, and I cannot trick my heart any longer. Will you never come, Bob? Shall I forever lie down with this prayer upon my lips? Shall I pray for the poor girl—just a little, sweet, so that she may know what I mean? With some other woman now, dear? After all you have said, all you have written, I cannot believe it."

I ceased and wiped her eyes. After a little she took a photograph from the dressing table and gazed at it with fond intensity for fully a minute. Then she smiled.

"I'm a naughty girl!" she crooned softly. "I ought not to doubt you. I know you will come back. Don't look so solemn, love! Please don't! Smile a little for the poor girl—just a little, sweet, so that she may know what I mean. With some other woman now, dear? After all you have said, all you have written, I cannot believe it."

I did not wait for the kiss. I slunk down the hall like some wretch doomed to the gallows. I could not believe it real. I was sure the morning would show it nothing but a dream, and that Dorothy and I would have in the surf and ride on the beach the same as ever. Dorothy did not come downstairs that night, and I was glad of it. But the next morning, as I lay in a hammock, she came up to me with a smile upon her lips. She drew up a chair close to me, and glancing coquettishly to right and left to see that no alien eyes were upon us, she bent her head and pressed a morning kiss—a dainty, birdlike touch.

There is a good deal of the tiger yet left in the best of us. My veins at that moment throbbed with a murderous passion, and I felt that I should involuntarily throttle her. Yet I did not. I looked her calmly in the eye. I believe I even smiled. Her eyes never wavered. Instead a kind of love-light spread over them, and she kissed me again, very tenderly, two or three times. Her exquisite hypocrisy gave me a kind of mental paralysis, and for a moment I was as barren of thoughts as an imbecile.

"Fred, what would I do if you should die?" she whispered, tremulously. "You love me so much," I asked, and, striding as I would, I could put no significance into my tones.

"So much, dear," she answered, solemnly, "that the grave with you would be a palace with a palace with a palace." "Too much even to deceive me," I managed to say.

"Ah, you know I do, boy."

"And have you never deceived me?" I continued.

"Never," she answered; but I fancied I detected a quickening of her breath, which was falling upon my cheek.

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Outlines of Oklahoma.

It is reported that the centipedes are disappearing from Oklahoma. The waterworks at Ponca City have been tested and found perfectly satisfactory.

The situation right now calls for a few remarks from the single and the double stateholders.

The Weatherford Republican's proposition: "Final proof notices, if paid in advance \$5. If not, \$10."

All the enumerators in Oklahoma have been instructed to be "courteous and confidential" in their work.

During the free homes celebration at Weatherford a building went up in flames incidentally and accidentally.

Stanhope is likely to come rather easy now. Free homes and stanhope worked nicely in the harness together.

Last Saturday in all the Oklahoma towns the farmers were granted the full freedom of the city, and then some.

Blackwell has secured the next annual emancipation of the G. A. R. and the next editorial board meeting.

In the Creek nation, last week, it is told, the corpse of a woman was found in a hut and eight cats were eating the corpse.

The long intermittent wail-sob from the south which sounds like a man priming a pump, is Hoke Smith trying to believe that the passage of free homes is a dream, not a reality.

"The Empire," the organ of the Normal University, doesn't think that the oration of the Edmund Normal at the last oratorical contest was plagiarized as is charged at Stillwater.

There is a good deal of admiration for Dennis Flynn in Oklahoma because he did not go to the Enid convention, but remained in Washington and sat up at nights with the free homes bill.

At Weatherford the Republican speaks of a man and wife being blessed with "fifteen pounds of baby." It explains a little later that the babies were twins, the boy eight pounds, the girl seven.

The Custer County Republican thinks that there will be two Democrats in the field this year. The man elected to congress will be named Dennis and the name of his opponent will be Dennis.

"Dennis" said nine hundred and ninety-eight advertisers to Oklahoma editors last week, "put my advertisement in next to the dispatch from Washington announcing that free homes is a law."

The Guthrie boys who have started to float to New Orleans on a raft have been sighted in eastern Oklahoma. They landed at a farm house and filled their jug with water and sold the farmer a bottle of bed-bug destroyer.

Stroud Messenger: The Ozarkic graveyard, on Euclid creek, is surrounded by several tobacco patches. The "filly weed" was planted for the special use of the dead. A lot of dishes, water-dippers, pipes and other articles are stowed away near the graveyard, so that the "dead inmates" can be handy whenever they stroll round about.

Enid Wave: A certain Enid young lady with a number of her friends was discussing their beaux in a most peculiar way that girls have, and plainly pointing out what was likeable in one and disagreeable in another, when a certain young man whose baseball mustache—sine on a side-gives him a considerable concern, was brought up for dissection, when this girl convulsed the crowd by exclaiming, innocently: "Well, that boy's mustache tickles me." It was sometime before she understood why they laughed.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Both Senator Baker and Senator Harris favor a reciprocity treaty with France.

His organs are now claiming that John Breidenbach had nothing to do with the Topeka failure.

Charles Scott, the Republican candidate for congressman at large, says that the "dead inmates" in the world is "common sense."

There are indications that for the first time in many years prohibition will not be one of the issues in the Kansas state campaign this year.

Governor Stanley has refused to pardon Pool Grimsdell, the Wathena editor who is in jail and for whom Joe Hudson, John Seaton and Pat Conner interceded.

An Atchison girl, according to the Globe, studied physiology for three years and she did not learn as much as she did by "cutting up chickens after she was married."

In Grant county, last week, Martin Bernes tied a shoogun down, attached a clothes-line to the trigger, and pulled down in front of the gun and pulled the line. He was killed instantly.

Judge Hook, at Topeka, has held that that clause of the prohibition law which prohibits people from coming into Kansas and taking orders for liquor for outside houses is unconstitutional.

Ed Rutter of Russell, who has spent the winter at Honolulu, says that they have a liquor there on which a drinker can stay drunk three days by simply putting down on the original dose a drink of water every morning.

At Lawrence the other day an unusual trial took place. A colored man was accused of disturbing services at a colored church. At the lawyers present were colored men; so was the judge and all the witnesses; and the jury also.

This week the Democrats and Populists of the third congressional district met at Parsons to nominate a Democratic candidate for congress.

It is reported that the Knights Templar lodge of Topeka may get after Christian Scientists whom they think responsible for the death of the widow of one of the Knights. The widow, they claim, was sick five days with typhoid fever, and was not permitted to have a physician.

Mrs. Blanche Butler at Fort Scott has sued for divorce from her husband, a prominent Fort Scott man who abandoned her some time ago. Mrs. Butler admitted that she had corresponded with him some since he left her, but wouldn't tell what his last address was. The judge postponed granting the decree until a summary is sent to his last known address, which Mrs. Butler will furnish.

Here is something from the La Crosse Republican, which we make the motto of the New York sensational papers: "Joseph Schinadel, who lives in Union township, was in town yesterday for the purpose of making a head-on assault upon the head of the large wheat field. Mr. Schinadel has had it said, more experience in the heading or rather 'behind' business, than any man in Kansas, or possibly in the United States. He is a man probably seventy years of age, was born and lived the major portion of his life in Austria. It is said for many years, Joseph Schinadel was public auctioneer for the emperor of Austria, and it is further said he has a part of the old wall-papers of his country home in the family. Mr. Schinadel is a man of quiet demeanor, but an inveterate smoker, and used to be addicted to strong drink. Of late years he is troubled with a nervous disease which causes the loss of the voluntary muscles of the face, hand and limbs, and often during the day the old man is convulsed by a severe twitching and contortion of the muscles. Most people acquainted with the circumstances wonder if the fragile frame of his younger days produced the terrible malady with which the old gentleman is afflicted."

Swiss Handkerchief Sale Tomorrow

The Famous Swiss Seconds

25c and 35c and 50c and 75c Handkerchiefs For 12 1-2c

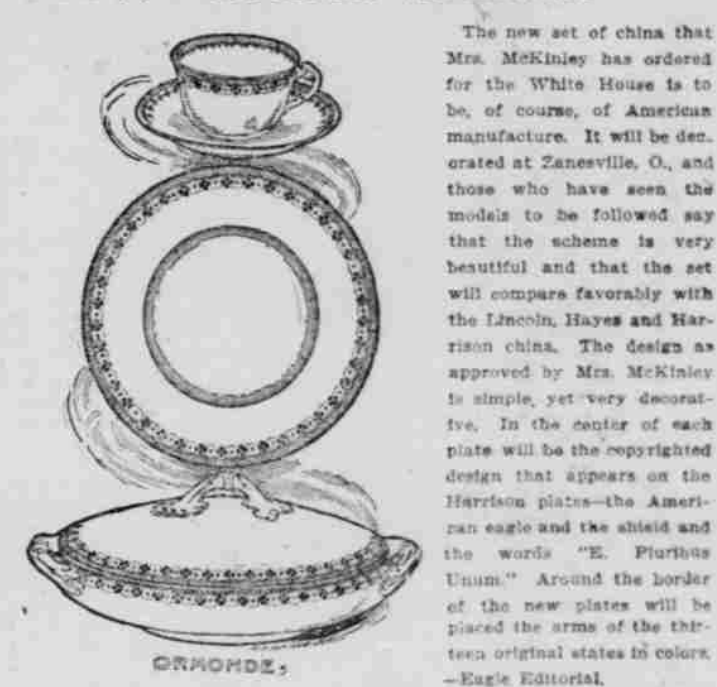


Tomorrow we will play at "drop the handkerchief" and the chances are that you'll be here. This is another one of those big Handkerchief sales for which the Boston Store is long ago noted. These are the finest and most beautiful Handkerchiefs that can be made by the dexterous Swiss peasants of St. Gaul. A pinhole here and a slight rent there has sentenced them to the class of "seconds." Few, very few, seriously damaged ones in the lot, and you'll wonder what flaw the expert could have seen who sorted so many of these seemingly perfect 'kerchiefs. Our word for it, though, there's something wrong with everyone. Their sisters, who have escaped the ignominy of the "second" brand, will be seen on counters later at 35c and 50c and 75c each. The selling begins at 9 a. m. tomorrow. With a limit of one dozen to any customer, choose

For Only 12 1-2c Each

Boston Store

Mrs. McKinley's New China Set....



The new set of china that Mrs. McKinley has ordered for the White House is to be, of course, of American manufacture. It will be decorated at Zanesville, O., and those who have seen the models to be followed say that the scheme is very beautiful and that the set will compare favorably with the Lincoln, Hayes and Harrison china. The design as approved by Mrs. McKinley is simple, yet very decorative. In the center of each plate will be the copyrighted design that appears on the Harrison plates—the American eagle and the shield and the words "E. Pluribus Unum." Around the border of the new plates will be placed the arms of the thirteen original states in color.

We handle the same goods, made at the same place. The difference is in the decorations only.

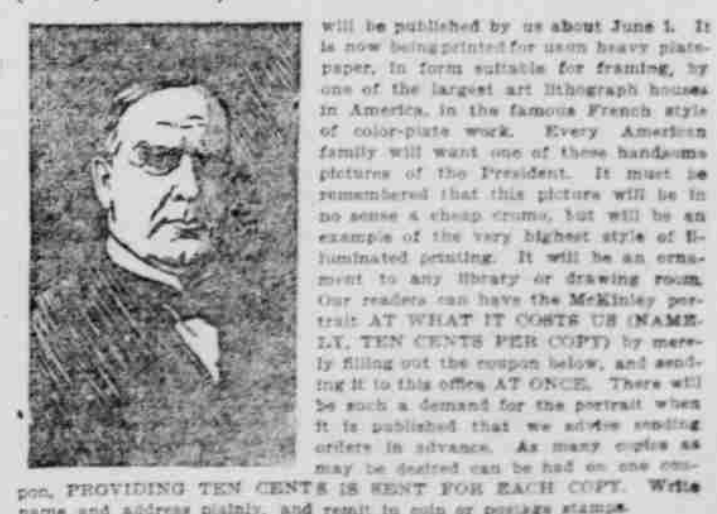
J. E. CALDWELL, 130 N. Main.

The Man of the Hour...

A Magnificent Portrait of

President McKinley

Reproduced in Ten Colors from a Late Photograph, for which the President Specially Sat, at the request of the Publishers (Size 14x21 inches).



will be published by us about June 1. It is now being printed for us on heavy paper, in form suitable for framing, by one of the largest art lithograph houses in America, in the famous French style of color-plate work. Every American family will want one of these handsome pictures of the President. It must be remembered that this picture will be in no sense a cheap crum, but will be an example of the very highest style of lithographic printing. It will be an ornament to any library or drawing room. Our readers can have the McKinley portrait at what it costs us (NAME, TEN CENTS PER COPY) by merely filling out the coupon below, and sending it to this office AT ONCE. There will be such a demand for the portrait when it is published that we will be sending orders in advance. As many copies as may be desired can be had on one coupon. PROVIDING TEN CENTS IS SENT FOR EACH COPY. Write name and address plainly, and remit in coin or postage stamps.

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Name _____ Address _____ Date _____

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